

## Push-Pull by givupdafunk

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**Summary:**

Post STS2 - Shameless smutty Jancy being all sexy and adorable together, listening to a mixtape while they Get It On, and explore their sexual appetites further. Nancy does like to tease and keep him guessing. Jonathan has no problem keeping up.

In my head, this takes place about a week after this fic ends:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/15119207/chapters/35055941>

## Push-Pull

### Author's Note:

So this is a sequel, I suppose, but really just an excuse to write more shameless Jancy smutty smuff, smuff (because I'm trash, so...) Not necessary to read that one before you read this one, but you might get more out of it if you do.

semi-inspired by this amazing artwork by nervousalligator:

<https://nervousalligator.tumblr.com/image/172499961673>

(I hope that's seen as the compliment it tries to be.)

It helps if you are familiar with these songs (or can play them while you read this\*):

This Must Be The Place (Naive Melody), by The Talking Heads

Drive, by The Cars

I Wanna Be Your Dog, by The Stooges

Wild Horses, by The Rolling Stones

(\*Just for additional color. Not implying this tracklist lines up perfectly with the story. It doesn't. It isn't possible; I have no idea how fast or slow people read or imagine scenes.)

Enjoy. I mean it, dammit. I hope you enjoy the hell out of this.

Ok, it's cheezy and it's probably ooc, but for the love of Jancy, please enjoy it anyway.

"Is this the mixtape you were playing a few days ago in the car?" Nancy says while Jonathan nibbles at the soft sensitive flesh at her neck and shoulders.

They are in his bedroom on a chilly afternoon, half way through the slowly-pushing-and-pulling-each-other's-clothes-off phase of their "study break" which, of course, was really just a reason to get naked while his mom and brother were out.

Joyce and Will left less than 10 minutes ago. Jonathan and Nancy had been curled up on the couch as they calmly watched them leave for the movies. Her legs were draped across his lap, his hand casually across her knee. They were reading a book they both had to read for their English class homework.

However, it wasn't long after they heard Joyce's car drive away, tires crunching down the dirt road (and they knew they were all alone), that they looked at each other knowingly, and swiftly agreed it was time for a "study break".

Soon their soft nuzzles turned into kisses, turned into Jonathan's hand under her shirt, turned into more - books were tossed on to the coffee table and, without words, they'd made their way to Jonathan's room. Someone had hit play on the tape deck - things are too fuzzy to remember exactly who - but it's only now that Nancy recognizes a familiar song that she asks that question.

He answers her through kisses. "Yes, this is my favorite mixtape right now. This is..."

"Talking Heads, Naive Melody," she interrupts. "Yah, I remember it. I like this one."

He pulls back to smile at her. They are standing topless now next to his bed - something else that occurred in a love drunk haze. Her sweater is tossed on his chair, her bra hanging over the front of his stereo.

"This Must Be The Place," he adds as he starts to unzip her pants, beaming sweetly at her.

"Yep," she coos, stroking his warm chest. "If this is the mix I think it is, I really like it. See, I have pretty good taste in music after all." she says as she smirks adorably at him and then drops her mouth onto his pecs, lightly licking his sensitive nipples.

"ufff, gently..." he jumps at the sensation, but doesn't stop her. "Yep, you're pretty cool..." he says with that soft, low tone that makes her melt. Both the tone and the sentiment make her feel light.

"I think this is the part I like in this song... listen..." she pushes up on her tip toes, working her way up to nibble the sensitive skin just under his ear.

*Home, is where I want to be  
But I guess I'm already there  
I come home, she lifted up her wings  
I guess that this must be the place*

As they listen to the song, he's sliding his hands into her now unzipped jeans and panties and slides both down her hips. She wriggles a little, tipping her hips into his hands to help him. As they fall down her legs, he grabs her petite bottom. His hands can practically hold the entire thing and he's learning just where to touch her... down around the light seam where her leg meets the meatiest parts of her small bum. They'd only recently discovered this erogenous zone for her and he was enjoying learning how to really make her shiver from it.

*I can't tell one from another  
Did I find you, or you find me?  
There was a time before we were born  
If someone asks, this is where I'll be, where I'll be oh!*

A jolt of electricity shoots up her body as he finds the right spot and pressure to pull and knead her ass meat. She melts when his hands cup her cheeks like that. He's already very turned on but her shudders make his knees weak. Sliding her hands down his chest slowly, she admires his sleek, defined torso, his warm, strong abdomen, his slender waist, until she finds her way to the top button of his jeans. Looking up at him, she snaps it undone with a confident pull. She doesn't even have to look anymore to do that. Their hungry mouths encircle one another. She feels so small next to him. She steps out of her pants.

*We drift in and out  
Oh! Sing into my mouth*

*Out of all those kinds of people  
You got a face with a view*

Her bare nipples drag slowly across his body, her upturned face watches his reactions as she nips at his jawline, her hands slide inside his pants to find that he's already hard. He saves her the trouble and shoves his own pants and boxers down his hips. She slides her hands around to his ass, over his hips, coming around to lightly cup his balls and grip his shaft, stroking firmly as he gasps into her mouth. They are both so ready.

*I'm just an animal looking for a home and  
Share the same space for a minute or two  
And you love me till my heart stops  
Love me till I'm dead*

He kicks off his jeans and backs them up to the bed, guiding her with his hands still on her ass. He sits on the edge of the bed and brings her to stand between his knees. Looking up at her as if he could devour her in one bite, his hands are slightly pulling her thighs apart, starting to work their way to where she is very, very wet. Her hands tousle passionately through his hair and she knows, *knows*, what he's hungry for...

*Eyes that light up  
Eyes look through you  
Cover up the blank spots...*

"Lay back" she says, and he starts to obey slowly, still eye fucking her with a hot stare. She spreads her legs around him, rising to her knees on the edge of the bed, his hand gently sliding down through her dark curls and lightly stroking her wet mound with a gentle pat. Their eye contact is so intense as he lays back and she mounts his chest, then slides forward more. He helps lift her forward so her knees are above his head. His strength and eagerness are such an aphrodisiac. He positions her perfectly and all she has to do is sit. She eases down on to his face.

His tongue is immediately at work between her thighs, lapping and opening her while she throws her head back in ecstasy, his hands still showing her ass the attention it needs. His tongue works in gentle

circles across her clit with just the right pressure to elicit a mini-orgasmic reaction. The butterflies in her stomach unleash in a rush up her spine. Her thighs pull in and contract next to his head.

Jonathan loves it. Nancy trapping his head with her thighs, no matter what position they are in, never fails to make his cock so hard he's worried he may just explode all over his stomach. He reacts by focusing on her with equal force, shoving his tongue deep up inside her and shoving her hips down so she can't lift up.

How could he ever get enough of this sensation? Her scent, her sighs, her warm skin, her wet, writhing pussy lips on his face, and her taste, her texture, her moans and shudders. Yes, this is the place he wants to be.

Damn, Nancy is really starting to lose control. It wasn't that long ago that she was telling herself that Jonathan was just a friend and now, here she is riding his face and feeling so powerful and beautiful and fulfilled. She never wants it to end.

*Who's gonna drive ya home... tonight...*

She recognizes this song. It's from the new Cars album he got. "I thought you said you didn't like this song..."

He lifts her briefly to catch his breath and answer her. He's nearly suffocated himself, and they both gasp. She wipes the sweat from his brow and returns his smiling eyes. His eyes dart as if he's trying to form the words. "I still kinda don't, it's not my favorite from the album, but you said you liked it when I played it." He wonders briefly if it also reminds her, the way it reminds him, just vaguely, of that night after the Halloween party.

She hesitates sitting back down, dipping down just low enough to feel his lips nipping at her pussy lips for the briefest seconds before lifting back up just to watch his eyes fire back at her in a begging, pleading, nearly threatening way. She settles back on to his soft lips and eager tongue. He moans gratefully.

She loves watching him take pleasure in her body, and he responds so well to her tempting. She suddenly has an impish impulse to tease

him, really tease him. Recently he had let her blindfold and tie him up, but they hadn't quite been able to go through with it all of the way. She'd missed his touch and eyes too much and had released him.

*Who's gonna pick you up, when you fall...*

Still, a little light restraining and teasing had been effective. He hadn't hated it. Even if it's still kind of awkward, she wants to travel down that rabbit hole a little further, maybe even explore it from the other side. She thinks it will be easier to broach the subject the second time around. It's just a theory, but she thinks the more they try this, the more they will learn what they do and don't like. For example, she loved that he had been so willing to obey her. She just hopes they'll never stop exploring and figuring it out, together.

Right now, he's exploring her pussy so good. The ideas she's formulating in her oversexed brain, along with his muffled, gratified whimpers beneath her, help send her rushing through another mini-orgasmic wave of pleasure. Who is really teasing who at this point?

*Who's gonna pay attention... to your dreams...*

"Jonathan," she whines. He stops to look up at her. "You're going to make me lose my mind."

"Mmmhmmmm, that's the point" he says before tongue kissing her opening and gently wrapping his strong lips around her clit.

She reacts favorably for a moment, as he licks and sucks her breathless, but she finally manages to whimper "but I want to make *you* lose your mind."

"Oh?" he says. "*But you are...*"

It's painful to resist but she finally refocuses on what she wants. "But wait. I have an... idea." she slides back to sit on his warm chest. Damn, even that feels good on her clit as she grinds slowly on his chest while she lays out her plan, his hands softly caressing her thighs. Her ideas are usually pretty good, so he's game to hear it. "Remember when I blindfolded you and tied you to your bed last week?"

"uhhh... yah, I remember that." he licks her juices from his lips and grips her hips, loving the look in her eyes as she finds pleasure against his chest.

"Well, what if we didn't use anything to hold you? Do you think you could resist touching me until I tell you you can? I mean... sit there and do what I tell you without restraints this time?"

"I.. uh... yah I can try that..."

She waits a beat to make sure he's serious and doesn't think it's silly or weird. "Ok, sit up, back against the wall."

"But first... one last kiss..." He says as he playfully pushes her back on to his face, nuzzling deep up into her slick pussy lips, lapping and growling as she giggles and purrs. She allows it, indulgently, but eventually remembers herself and slides off, pushing him back. She knows he's trying to make her come hard, and fuck, it wouldn't take much right now, but she wants this to last.

She finally takes the reins. "Bad boy. Get over there." He friskily growls his resistance, but obeys her anyway. He's actually very excited to see what she has in mind this time. Nancy may be a brainiac, but she's also very soulful, and creative. 'God there are so many things to love about her,' he thinks.

As he's sliding back to the wall at the head of the bed, naked and beautiful, face wet, cock bouncing she feels a surge of nervous excitement. This is fun. He's so much fun.

"You're fun, do you know that?" she says.

He's hastily arranging pillows behind him and on the sides of him and looks up at her, buck naked and resting on her heels, just smiling at him. 'Damn, that's a picture,' he thinks, especially when it's Nancy sitting naked in his room, illuminated by the small lamp on his table, his records and stereo in the background, bra strap dangling off of the record player, perfect breasts confidently pointing at him, all of that beauty, that glimmer of sweet fire in her eyes...

"Hmm, no, you are." He doesn't have a better retort than that at the



moment so he lobs a pillow at her and looks away shyly, his long hair flopping in his eyes. She catches it and tosses it aside, smugly. She's actually giddy. She charges forward and practically throws herself at him, legs landing on either side of him, their chests slamming together with a thud.

"Ohh! Geez!" he yelps, caught off guard but laughing as he catches her and begins to kiss her giggling face. His large hands cup the back of her head. He loves how her hair feels between his fingers.

"Hi there." He whispers. "Please take your socks off."

"Oops, busted by The Sock Police again," she jokes as she slips off her socks and tosses them aside. He smiles because he knows she understands and doesn't actually mind. He likes to be able to see all of her. What's wrong with that?

"There we go. Hi, Naked Nancy." She slides back down his bent knees. He pulls her in against him, kissing her softly. She can taste herself, still lingering on his lips. She was shocked to discover that it turned her on, but it sure does.

He shifts so his cock is resting against her inner thigh, dripping with precum. His finger tips lightly explore her from the back and just below the waist. He lightly teases her pussy and ass. He can't take his eyes off of her face.

*Who's gonna hold ya down, when you... shake...*

"I like that I'll see your eyes this time." She braces her knees beside him and rises; his eyes follow hers.

"Me too." he whispers up to her.

She can hear the eager excitement in his voice. She leans toward him and presses her abdomen to his lips. He obliges, sucking and nipping at the plump underflesh of her breast, probably leaving a mark. She hisses, gripping his shoulder and lowers down to fill his mouth with her hungry nipple, dropping her head to kiss his forehead and exhale into the soft strands of hair falling around his face. His mouth is magic. She relaxes into the moment.

"I do still like this song, and this mix," she whispers. "It's better than your angry boy songs."

Her descriptions of his music make him chuckle. "Yah, well I'm expanding my horizons these days... aren't I?" he quips, before returning to pull at her nipple with soft lips and gentle teeth, eyes burning up at her meaningfully.

"Yes you are. We both are." She caresses her hands down his broad shoulders and muscular arms, admiring both, before grabbing his wrists and pushing them up against the wall above his head. "Stay" she orders. He leaves them against the wall as she releases his wrists, dragging her fingers down his arms; he twitches a bit when she glides past his arm pits.

"Hey, remember, no tickling. That's just fucked up."

"Ok, yes, I remember." she says "and you remember that you can't move until I tell you it's ok. Got it?"

"Yes." He is playing along, but he doesn't look comfortable in that position. She's still so soft for him.

"Here." She gently pulls his wrists away from the wall and brings them down to rest on the bed beside him. "Hang on here." He grips the sheets beside her. His eyes flicker sweetly at her. He never asks her to explain why she wants to be like this with him. She hasn't questioned him either. There is no need. They get it now.

*Who's gonna drive ya home... tonight...*

He's had to admit to himself that he had enjoyed letting her restrain and blindfold him that time. It had opened his mind and calmed him. Not that everything in their lives is perfect now, but this, *them...* he trusts it. It's safe. She's safe. He may not be ready to explore the connection fully between pleasure and pain, but he's sensual enough, and dark enough, to help her scratch this itch. Besides, she did tell him he could do it to her as well. He's not pressuring her, but he also hasn't forgotten. It's intimidating for her, but last time they talked about it, she thought she was very close to ready. He feels pretty certain she's going to like it.

"Ok, just hold on as long as you can," she's so reassuring and kind.  
"No tickling. I promise."

The chaotic guitars of another song fill the room, hinting at baser desires. It sounds dirty, the type of *good* dirty that makes them both buck against one another erotically. She's really learned to appreciate his dirty boy punk music. She wants to know more about the man that put this song on a mixtape, especially when she finally recognizes it.

"Hm, The Stooges?" she guesses and he nods to confirm. "And what is this song called..." she whispers, taking his warm dick in hand and holding it up underneath her, just touching the opening of her pussy lips. She knows what it's called, she just needs to hear him say it.

His eyes flicker. Knowing he's caught on to her intended irony, she flashes a wicked smile. 'There's always something surprising going on behind those big, blue eyes,' he thinks.

"I wanna be your dog..." he whispers huskily, blushing at the double entendre he knows she just forced him into. His eyes burn dangerously at her. The drums escalate. A single piano note bangs, pacing his heart beat. It might be harder than he thinks to stay without a leash.

She slips down onto just the tip of his cock, just pushing down far enough onto him for her tight, slick pussy to take hold of the head of his cock. He shudders out a crackling groan, overwhelmed by the sensation of his tip pushing just past her taut opening, again, and again.

*So messed up, I want you here  
In my room, I want you here*

He slowly drags out each word, "What.. are.. you.. doing..."

"Do you want me to stop?" She dares him, flashing a powerful fire in her eyes.

"Hell no," he mutters through heavy, desperate breaths. He wants so bad to just thrust up into her and bury his cock deep between her

spread legs. However, she is looking at him in a way that makes him want to do anything - anything - to please her. He stays still, gripping at the sheets, heels pushing impulsively into the bed, helping to hold him still.

She smiles and leans forward, taking full control with a strong kiss. "Good boy. You let me have my way. You can touch lightly if you behave..." she softly whispers between sensual kisses, soft nips and licks, all the while teasing the tip of his cock with her slit. She's emboldened and aroused; she was made to tease his dick.

*Now we're gonna be face-to-face  
And I'll lay right down in my favorite place*

She suddenly slides all of his thick dick deep up inside of her, watching his face as his mouth drops open with a deep groan, his eyes rolling back then snapping into awareness and locking into hers with intensity, gratitude. "Fuuuuck..." they both groan. She grabs at the back of his neck, tossing her head back and pushing her firm nipple into his panting mouth. His tongue flicks, his lips suck, his teeth nip, her body reacts with shivers of delight.

She's determined to make this last, so after a soft circular grind into his lap, she fights her intense urge to ride him breathless, for now, and lifts off to return to sliding his cock into her hungry hole, just far enough to tease them both with promises of deeper things to return.

He whimpers, lightly nibbling at her breast. She looks down into his hot, pleading eyes, as he moves to her other breast. She's already feeling empty and horny again - a victim of her own game - and she drops down fully onto him again as he throws his head back trying to control himself. As quickly as she attacked, she retreats to shallow penetrations amidst her own sighs.

*And now I wanna be your dog*

She combs her fingers roughly up the back of his neck and through his hair, pulling his head back. She nibbles at his exposed neck, rewarding him for staying still. She's overcome with lust and love. It's more difficult than she imagined.

“Good boy, Jonathan. Good boy. I love you so much” she sighs as she slams down onto his cock once more. She swallows his groan as she kisses him deep, forcing her tongue firmly into his mouth, licking and sliding, their mouths exploring every sensation, both whimpering and panting as she teases and lifts once more. She’s never realized how much she loves being on top especially when he’s so willing to obey her. Trouble is, she’s losing her resolve. Again. She wants to feel his soft, gentle touch and firm grips, too. She needs to feel his hands.

*Now I wanna be your dog*

He's not sure if she's aware of it, but she keeps looking at his hands and whimpering. His hands unclench from the sheets and come up to land softly on her shoulders, his right arm slowly drifts down to tenderly encircle her waist, his left gently cradling her asscheek as she attacks his mouth. She said he could touch if he behaved. She doesn't object. His body is otherwise completely resigned to hers - his mouth, his body, his cock - her playground. Hers. She at last pulls back, releasing his mouth with a gasp, her eyes wild, lips swollen, hands still working frantically through his hair.

His mouth finally free, he stammers out, “I love you too, Nancy. Do whatever you want with me. I’ll do whatever you want.” His eyes mean it. Her eyes sparkle bright with approval, his submission adding fuel to her fire.

*Now I wanna be your dog*

She leans back to let him take in the view of her lean body, his eyes lowering to her pert breasts, marked by his lips, then her soft, slender waist, her sexy belly button, then to her hips and a small patch of dark curls, and finally to watch just the tip of his cock sliding up into her beautiful pussy at her will, her strong thighs quivering with pleasure. He'll never get that image out of his head. Either she's very small or he's very big, but he marvels at how it will all fit inside her, though he knows it does. It fits. Like a dream. A dream he hopes to have again soon.

Her hand slides slowly down her body and finds her clit, softly, shyly she works her clit in front of him. She loves the way he looks at her, especially when she is worked up and feeling sexy and filthy like this.

He marvels at her strength and self control. He wonders momentarily if he can one day return the favor, and make her lose control under his command.

*Well, come on!*

He wants so badly to take her, but he behaves. It's oddly exhilarating to have to wait. After receiving her deep reward kiss, he gently strokes his finger tips down her back towards her ass, grasping softly towards her thighs, tracing a line up the back of her leg, taking hold of her ass finally, finger tips lightly touching her between her legs. She reacts to his counter-tease with a fierce smile; they return matching devilish grins. They are two parts of the same force. Their push-pull is just right; titilation disguised as torture.

He slides his hand up her inner thigh towards her ass, gently dragging his finger tips, lightly clawing at her ass. She sighs erotically. Her hands grip his biceps in anticipation of his next move. Her eyes don't disappoint. The closer he gets to where she wants to be touched, the more aroused she gets, losing focus and allowing more of him in, deepening her motion. His thumb lightly teases her asshole and she jumps and shudders approvingly. He takes note.

*Now I'm ready to close my eyes  
And now I'm ready to close my mind*

God, she loves this feeling, the feeling of being naked and unhinged with Jonathan. Her body tingles everywhere. She watches his face, mouth open, soft moans escaping, glazed eyes looking at her body, mouth dropping open hopeful that this time she'll give him what he needs - to feel enveloped by her pussy walls - but moaning and whimpering follows each time she denies him. His hand softly grips her hip, politely asking her to let him in further. Even with just the tip, it feels amazing, he's fighting the urge to cum on her thighs, and he does not want her to stop.

She's gasping along with him each time she dips down further, his cock teasing and stretching her open, but still leaving her wanting, clenching deep inside in anticipation. It's torture for her too, but she's going to keep at it, because the look on Jonathan's face as he knows he is powerless is maybe the hottest thing she's ever seen. God, she

loves his eyes.

*And now I'm ready to feel your hand  
And lose my heart on the burning sands*

"Look at me." she demands.

His eyes break from scanning her breasts to glance deliriously at her face. He bites his lip and dips his head disappearing into his pleasure. Wild eyed, she grabs his chin to make him look at her. His eyes are rolled back and she has to jiggle him gently into some awareness. When he locks eyes with her she plants one deep kiss, emboldened by the whimpers and growls he can't even begin to contain now.

She wonders if he knows just how hot he makes her, just the sight of his face, panting, his eyes deranged with pleasure, his lips, chapped but soft, his rough hands gently stroking her back down into the crease of her ass, thumb teasing the puckered flesh of her asshole making her inhale sharply. Somehow it's possible to be both slave and master at the same time. He's ripped open. He sighs, telling her with his eyes, he has never been this vulnerable with anyone before. Just her. Again and again.

*And now I wanna be your dog*

She tips his head up, gripping his chin as she drops her hips down onto him, engorging herself on his shaft fully, again, holding his face so he can't hide his eyes from her. His face, oh god, his face - she can't decide what's hotter - the look of pleasure and abandon on his face, or the way he fills her horny pussy, stretching and stroking her. It's both. Who is the master and who is the pet?

She curls her lip up purring and growling, dragging her nails down his sexy chest leaving pink lines - his mouth drops open and his eyes roll back in his head as he makes a helpless sound and his hands grip at her hips. How can they make each other feel this good? It's unreal. They've been through so much. They share so much in common, including this primal, lusty side, where they both like to drive and be driven.

*Now I wanna be your dog*

*Now I wanna be your dog*

He's trying so hard to stay still for her but control is slipping away; she can tell she's pushed it about as far as he can stand. She becomes aware of her own sharp intakes of air and deep moans with each rise and fall - his cock slides inside of her hard, hot and huge, with the right amount of warm friction - she releases his chin and joins his hands in caressing her body. She has 4 hands caressing, rubbing, grabbing, teasing her flesh as she rides him - finally; her hands slide up through her hair, over her face, sensually dragging her fingertips across her lips, making eye contact as she slowly sucks her finger and traces her tongue across the scar in her palm.

He raises his matching scar to her mouth and she slowly licks it with her tongue before taking his finger in her mouth. He sputters and nearly chokes on his own groans as she slow rides him, sucking his finger and eye fucking him as she holds her breasts. His hand falls back to her nipples, circling and pulling. With her head thrown back in ecstasy it's hard to tell whose hands are whose and does it really matter when her brain is this scrambled over her stalwart lover's rock hard cock?

*Well, come on!*

Her gasps increase. She becomes aware of the sound of his voice saying her name, her high pitched gasps, punctuated with gasping syllables of his name, mixed in with the sound of the creaking bed. She's perfectly balanced on her steed. They stride together in perfect rhythm, strong and free. She slams down on his lap with a percussive ring of flesh on flesh. She's enjoying herself but is also edging too close. That song egged her on, but it's ending. No, no not yet - she's not done with him yet, and she knows he can last if she stays tuned into him.

She catches his eyes again. This isn't over. As she reins him in and slides off of his cock slowly, both of their mouths drop open trying to cool down. She takes his glistening cock in her mouth for a quick taste of her juices and his precum. He shouts and shakes. It's too much. She rises licking her lips, then softly bites her lower lip as she pushes back further. He reaches for her, never wanting her to leave, but his hands fall away resigned, too pacified by Nancy's cock riding



to fight.

He has no thoughts except for primal urges to fuck Nancy, to do whatever it takes to make her look at him like that. He couldn't form a sentence if he needed to right now so she knows she's done her job too well and it's good she slowed things down; his eyes growl at her, anxious for her next order. He's not quite prepared for what she wants.

She hadn't planned this, but something about the fierce, powerful look in his eye makes her want to finally relinquish control and let him have her in a way she hasn't offered him before. She wants him to mount her like the animals in the fields, like she's read about in her animal books and seen on PBS shows.

Still panting and heaving, thin beads of sweat on her brow, she rises to her knees, and stretches her arms overhead watching his face, his bobbing cock, still wet from her mouth. She's so in love with her handsome, brave, smart, naked, lusty sex toy. Her thighs quiver. His eyes flash across her outstretched body, pleased.

She waits until he's done eye fucking her lithe, pale body and is locked into her eyes again, before she slowly turns her back to him. Still glancing at him over her shoulder, she drops on all fours, presenting her ass, and swollen, glistening pussy to him.

Jonathan's lips part as he exhales a quivering groan she's never heard before. He's ready to pounce but remembers himself. "I want to... touch you..." he whimpers, seeking permission, with the hint of a warning.

"You can do whatever you want. Do it now." She whispers. She needs him to have a chance to have his way with her, too. She needs him. He knows it. His breathing accelerates, he shakes through a hot adrenaline rush, and with a growl he responds. His large hands land on the apples of her ass. He takes a moment to drag his hand up and down her back, stroking down to her firm thighs, gripping at her hips as she quivers and sways.

He reaches between her legs and lightly drags his fingertips up to work between her swollen pussy lips; her hips buck and her back

sways deep as she opens up for him, her head thrown back. He can't see her face but he recognizes her horny whimper. He's already spent hours, weeks probably, worshipping her pussy, but this new presentation, this new perspective may just blow his mind completely. He slides two fingers into her dripping slit; it's still pulsing from her ride. Her moan shudders and quakes as he strokes and stretches her open.

His hunger for her taste finally gets the best of him and he adjusts so he can lean forward and push his face into her haunches. What starts off as tender kisses and licks, quickly escalates into tongue thrusts tasting all of her exposed, sticky flesh. She drops her head on the pillow, allowing him deeper access, hands gripping in anticipated ecstasy as he gently pulls her ass apart to lick and tease her asshole. He'd noticed how sensitive it was when he teased it earlier with his thumb. Her twitches and soft murmuring encourage him more. She was not aware how erotic it would be to be touched there. Like that.

His excited breath between her ass cheeks, his strong hands holding her open just right, along with the exposed feeling she gets from this position is inciting urges in her she didn't know she had. She growls softly. Her hips roll and push back into him. No one else but Jonathan could make her this comfortable being this vulnerable and unhinged. Exposed. It's oddly exhilarating. Her pussy is aching for him. She likes to be in control, but she also needs to give herself to him like this. She needs him. She trusts him.

She turns her head, lifting and twisting slightly, to try and see him. She can barely make out his hand, firmly holding her ass, his eyes closed in soft pleasure as he feasts on her. He's drunk on her, again; not thinking, just reacting. His strong tongue slides up, down and around before finally sliding inside her swollen lips. She gasps, crying out. His eyes open and he sees her, eyes electric blue, mouth open, full lips red as she gently licks her top lip.

He knows what she is asking. He teases her for a little longer with his fingers and tongue, before rising to his knees, one hand gently covering the small of her back. She feels his hot cock bounce lightly on her ass cheeks. With little hesitation he slides it deep into her pussy. He feels strong, invincible, powerful in a way that makes him want to roar. Her entire body floods with the warmth and pleasure

and fullness she was craving. He makes a deep, guttural groan she's never heard before and her legs quake as her pussy walls contract and flutter around his cock.

He starts to move, his hands finding their hold on her hips. She's so wet and open at this angle he's jolted by an electric feeling rushing over his body. It's too good. He shortens his strokes, sometimes only just pushing his tip inside. He'd love to say he has the willpower she had to tease her like she just did to him, but he's really doing this to keep himself from coming too soon. The fact that it drives her crazy is just a bonus. She whimpers gratefully each time he relents and fills her fully, his strokes gaining force and momentum. She won't want him to hold back, so he doesn't. He gently tips her hips open with his strong hands, bracing her against the full force of his thrusts.

She embraces her vulnerable position and sways her back, lifting her hips more open for him. He always makes her feel full, but at this angle, she feels every hot, hard inch pistoning into her; she's somehow not surprised that she *loves* being taken this way, especially by Jonathan when he's in a flurry of uncontrollable passion. She's discovered that he epitomizes the saying 'still waters run deep'. He's so deep. And he fucks her with so much emotion, and so, so deep.

Almost with no warning she flushes warm, her abdomen clenches hard around his dick and she slams her hips back against him. "Jonathan!!" She's coming so hard he grabs her around the waist so she doesn't fall over. Exhaling a long pleasure filled groan, she shudders and shakes in his grip. He pushes into her deep a few more times eliciting more spasms and whimpers.

When she's nearly done he gently withdraws and rolls her over on her back, placing the pillow under her head. She's sweating and her eyes are tearing up from the unexpected intensity of... everything.

"Aww, sweetie.." he gently kisses her tears and face as he slides back into her freshly fucked pussy, still pulsing hot and so, so wet. He still prefers to see her face, especially when she comes. The last rolls of her orgasm ripple out around his shaft.

"You ok?" He whispers in that distinctive, tender, husky voice that she loves.

"I'm fucking fantastic. Don't you dare stop." She orders through gasps.

"Good girl." He growls in her ear as he separates his knees wide, nudging her legs back and apart. He starts to move inside her, pulling smoothly out and shoving roughly in. She tries to hold him inside to keep him from moving. Her spine rolls. Her nipples brush against his chest. He watches her face flush hot, when he pulls out, her eyes flutter, when he pushes back in.

He gently cradles her head and kisses her. Her knees fall open, completely surrendered as he has way with her, slowly, so slowly. She can't describe how much she loves this man, soulfully working her pussy and studying her face, her sighs. She grabs at his ass, loving to feel his muscles flex as he fucks into her deep, circling and stretching her open and teasing every inch of his thick cock into all of her warmth. His body flushes warm from the feeling of her hands sliding up his back and onto his neck.

They become slowly aware that The Rolling Stones are singing about Wild Horses. He wonders if she hears it, too.

"I love this song, it's beautiful..." she sighs. "God, I love you..." she whispers into his open mouth and straight to his heart.

"...and I love you." he whispers back, eyes glistening with emotion. "I've been waiting for you to figure out that this mixtape is for you... about you..." he whispers shyly. In a flash, her mind races back over the songs she just heard and she registers the sweet implications of each one. It's as if he just took off her blindfold and showed her the light. She feels silly for being so blind. Again. He's spectacular, in so many subtle ways. She blushes, giving him all the thanks he needs.

They look at one another, locked into a pure gaze of honesty. They are one being - coalesced, symbiotic, whole again. Their mouths hover together, swollen red lips fluttering, barely touching, feeling their passionate breath, teasing and nipping at one another, mischievous smiles playfully egging one another on.

*...couldn't drag me away...*

He finally caves and covers her lips with his, deeply filling her mouth with the fullest of kisses, eliciting a tiny, squeaky sigh from her. Her sighs are music evoking images in their minds. Melodic images of passion, of love, of trust, of safety, of lust and love. His groans and rhythmic thrusts keep the heartbeat of this moment.

Her pleasure is extended as he continues to fill her over sensitized hole. He knows how to make her pussy purr and before long she knows he's going to fuck another orgasm from her. His arms are braced next to her, hands gently on her cheeks as he continues to kiss her tenderly. She runs her hands through his sweaty hair - another feeling she never thought would be so erotic. She lifts her legs back, tipping her hips up further and letting him in deeper. He responds with a deep groan down her throat. He wants nothing more than to please this sensational woman and satisfy all of her urges, especially the ones she will only share with him.

He finally loses his control and takes hers. In a moment of passion he grabs her hands, pinning them to the bed beside her head. He laces his fingers between hers so they can feel each other's palm scars as he drives deeper and harder into her. He's never held her down before. He knows she's wanted to feel restrained. They are so in synch that he knows she is ready, this is the right time for them. Her eyes light up. She confirms with a soft "Yes" full of abandon.

*We'll ride them some day.*

Her pussy walls clench eagerly. She thought she didn't like being pinned, but was always curious what it would be like with Jonathan. The answer is... with Jonathan in control... she can't do anything but surrender her body and soul and will to him. "Yes, yes, yes..." she moans. With anyone else this might feel wrong, or an abuse of power, but with each other it feels natural, expressive, an extension of the trust they've built, an expression of unrepressed honesty, openness, truth. None of it works without the trust they've built.

She doesn't fight it. Her body burns hot with tension and then explodes, relaxing into a completely mind shaking orgasm. As she falls over the edge, screaming her second orgasm into his face, he can't resist the sight of her letting go, especially when she bares her teeth and snarls through her vocal orgasms, coming so hard around

his dick. With a prolonged shouting grunt and groan, he drops his head to her forehead and pushes hot cum deep inside her. He holds her hands tightly to the bed, their fingers interlaced and clenched. She locks her legs firmly around his back, trapping him and claiming him. Are they really prisoners if they never want to leave?

*Wild Horses...*

His brain is complete mush. So is hers. They hear their heavy breathing, their hearts pounding. He releases his grip on her arms. She understands now why he liked it when she tied him up and blindfolded him. As the song fades out, they feel closer than ever to one another. Close. Melded together. Completely unfettered. Loved. Most of his breathless body weight is still on top of her, yet she feels lighter than air.

The silence is peacefully made. The tape emits a slow steady whir, then ends and clicks off.

“Oh babe, I must be crushing you, I’m sorry.” He moves to get up, but she still has her legs around him, ankles locked together, and holds him in tight.

“Ya gonna let me get up?” He chuckles, falling back onto his elbows in a human blanket over her.

“Nope. You live here now.” She whispers playfully, draping her arms around his neck, satisfied smiles breaking across their faces. Their eyes are so bright.

“Mmmhmm,” He resigns and settles back down, resting his head on the pillow beside her, kissing her blissful cheek; they wrap each other up in a tight hug. “I sure do.”

**Author's Note:**

Yes, I am still a dreamer.